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And the sneers of the world, give no hopes
of relief,
To the endless distractions of sorrow
and care.

'Tis then lovely woman comes forth to
our aid,
(The only bright ray that enlightens the
gloom)
The charms of her converse, our bosoms
invade,
And again we think only of pleasures
to come.

In the dark hour of sickness when terrors
appear,
When the pangs of affliction embitter
the soul,
And hope (to the care-worn sufferer dear)
We cant in the joy-moving passions
enrol.

'Tis then, with an anxious desire to re-
lieve,
Dear woman approaches our grief to
attend,
Her anxious solicitude, bids us believe,
'That she is our truest companion and
friend.

Her form, her endearments, her mild
beaming eyes,
The world's greatest masters have held
in controul,
Philosophers, sages, the learn'd and the
wise,
Submit to the charmer as lord of the
whole.

May woman remain then, my solace and
pleasure,
And ever continue our glory and pride ;
Possess'd of dear woman, I have such a
treasure,
As nought in the world can afford me
beside.

*His Majesty's Ship L'Argus, J.P.
Cove of Cork, Dec. 1808.*

THE SISTERS.

ADDRESSED TO THREE YOUNG LADIES OF F.—
SEP. 1808.

AS Cupid one day in his moments of
pleasure,
Was shooting his amorous arrows each
way,
My joy at the moment was great beyond
measure.
Three arrows had pierc'd me as sighing
I lay.

The pain was so gentle, the wounds so en-
dearing,
So happy my "bosom's lord," sat on his
throne,

That sighing, I cried as from them I was
steering,
"Ah Cupid! why not give the three for
my own."

The sly boy replied, that the gift I re-
quested,
Former like mine was immoderately
great,
Then on Mary, and Sally, and Kitty I
rested,
And they must determine the sufferer's
fate. J.P.

His Majesty's Ship L'Argus.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

SONG.

THE smooth clear stream, that soft and
slow,
With noiseless tenor seeks the shade,
Gives every flower a warmer glow,
A brighter green to every glade,
And vainly strives to be concealed,
By freshness and perfume revealed.

So gentle Anna glides along,
So shuns all praise and all display ;
And while she hears my simple song,
Knows not whose emblem I pourtray.

SONG.

WHEN bright the liquid lightnings fly,
From the blue heaven of thine eye,
Intranced I gaze my soul away,
And worship the celestial ray ;
But when's obscur'd the spark divine,
In vapours of all conquering wine
I know thee mortal and no more
With fond idolatry adore.

TO MELESINA.

TIME was, while yet a stranger to love's
power,
Gaily I rovd through beauty's bright
parterre,
The varied sweets of every blooming
flower,
Careless I sipt, nor fear'd the limy
snare.

Yet found I none, amid the banks of
spring,
That Melesina, might with thee com-
pare,
Nor e'er had Fancy on her wildest wing,
Yet rovd in quest of loveliness so rare.
Such not the Paphian goddess' self dis-
play'd,
The loves, and hours, and graces in her
train,
What time Anchises woo'd in Ida's shade,
And soft Adonis gazed in amorous pain.

And from that hour, consuming with love's
fire,
Oft have I struggled to dissolve the
chain,
And oft the tortur'd victim of desire,
Invoked calm Reason to assert her reign.
Vain efforts all ! since not mere beauty
wove,
My soul's firm fetters, nor mere sense
betray'd,
Thy charms of soul warm'd reason into
love,
And Cupid triumphs by Minerva's aid.

ON THE DEATH OF BENJAMIN HAUGHTON,
LATE OF BELFAST, SON OF SAMUEL HAUGH-
TON OF CARLOW.

AND has thy gentle spirit wing'd its
flight?
And are those eyes closed in eternal
night?
Those eyes, which once I thought upon
my bier,
Should pour the tribute of an honest tear;
For since thy in'ant form I first carest,
When life was newly kindled in thy
breast,
To this sad hour, on heavy pinions borne,
When o'er the extinguish'd spark of life
I mourn,
Have I not view'd thy fair, expanding
mind,
From the low dross of sordid arts refin'd,
Thy happy childhood, thy ingenious
youth,
Led on by nicest honour, firmest truth?
Ardent to taste, and Fancy's heights to
soar,
Yet heedful still of Wisdom's sacred lore,
I view'd thy soul, fair beaming from thy
eye,
Whether compassion heav'd the pitying
sigh,
Or, whether social joys thy cares beguil'd,
And genuine pleasure in thy features,
smil'd,

That soul, where every generous feeling
shone,
Which candour and benevolence can own.
I view'd—and hoped a long protracted
day,
Would crown the promise of thy morning's
ray,
But thou liest low, and o'er thy youthful
urn,
'Tis mine, with unavailing tears to mourn.
O thou! who dost not willingly destroy,
The tender sources of our blameless joy,
And when the billows of affliction roll,
Present'st an anchor to the sinking soul;
Sweeten this bitter cup, and oh! sustain
Her life, whose faithful heart is rent in
twain,
And whose unwearied cares have failed to
save,
Their dearest object from the dreary
grave,
And while her boy, unconscious for his sire,
Shall fondly seek, and anxiously inquire,
Oh! blunt the barbed dart—thy healing
balm,
And thine alone, these throbbing griefs
can calm!
Thou wilt the dews of consolation shed,
Upon the father's venerable head;
He who so oft has wept for other's woe,
Shall in this time of trial, comfort know,
And grateful sympathy her aid shall lend,
To him in whom the wretched find a friend,
Who, while beside his dying child he
mourn'd,
To Heaven his streaming eyes, adoring
turn'd,
And patient, stifled the parental moan,
To count the blessings which were still
his own;
O may these blessings evermore increase,
May every sorrow end in perfect peace,
And far, oh far! remote the period be,
When thus, dear friend our tears shall
stream for thee.

MARY LEADBEATER.

2nd. month, 1810.

DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN ARTS MANU- FACTURES, &c.

*Patent of M. Randolph, Tschiffeli de
Roche for improvements in the pro-
cesses of Brewing.*

Dated Sept. 1809.

M. DE ROCHE's improvements
in brewing consist
1st. In a method of colouring porter
by malt only, without losing any part

of its fermentescible substance, by
means of roasting the skins or husks
of the malt, after they have been
separated from the ground malt.

2d. In making from malt vinegar,
almost entirely deprived of essential
oil, which will be previously separated
from the malt itself.